

W ~~ORON~~ I

ELECTION ISSUE

THE JOURNAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, Monday March 28, 1966. 12 CENTS

PRESIDENTIAL LINE - UP :

Prime Bull

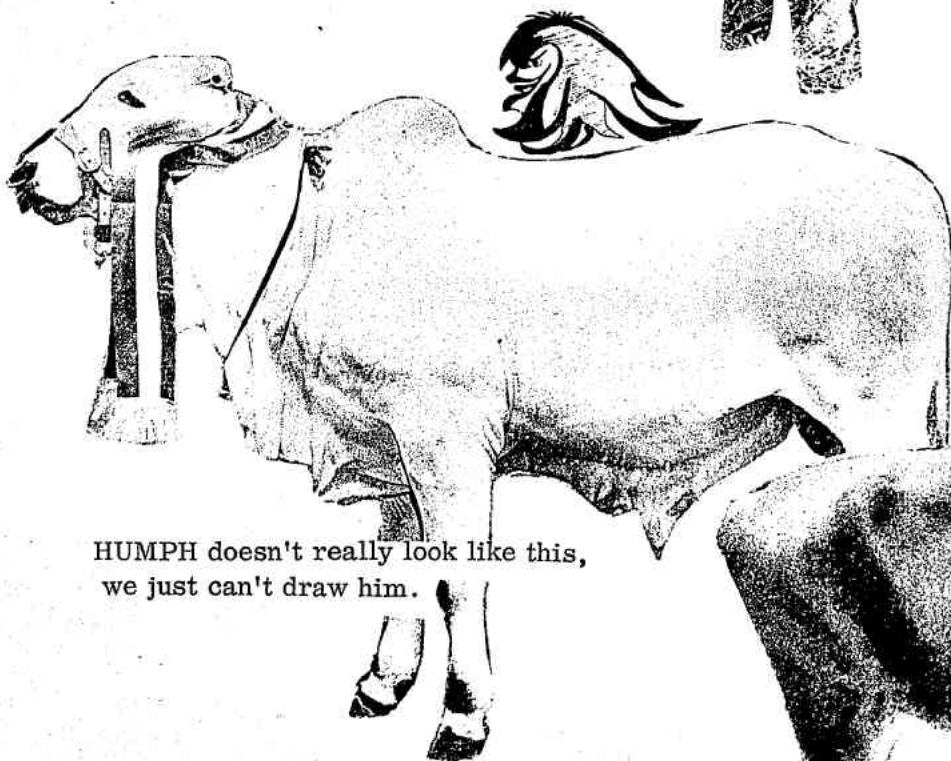
DON IS ON SHOW



KEITH IS ON SHOW



HUMPH doesn't really look like this,
we just can't draw him.



MEGAN DECIDED NOT TO GO ON SHOW



New Look Demonstration!

There was a demonstration in front of Parliament House on the evening of the 16th of March. See the scene—the usual Uni protesters in their familiar lines waving their placards and having their photos taken. A dog is trodden on and yelps, a cop laughs at the demonstrators, kids yell and play around the cenotaph.

Speeches were made. Ross Garnaut told about the replies of letters written to the P.M. and the Leader of the Opposition, written by himself and three others of conscriptible age. The letters asked for interviews on March the 16th. Popular Arthur had no time—booked with interviews. Busy busy Harold telegraphed instructions to put it in writing. Senator John Wh spoke strongly about those in favor of conscription, so long as it doesn't concern them. Bruce MacFarlane made great exhortations to the demonstrators to wave their banners and protest with vigour, spirit and vim. The scene appeared to be set for the usual boring protest meeting. But, surprisingly,

nearly everybody was there to protest, not just to see what was going on. The only anti-demonstrator there had his placard torn to little pieces within minutes of his arrival, and he himself did not bother to stay.

Several people gave their reasons for being present. Tony Baker said with conviction that the whole question of Vietnam, especially the sending of conscripts to fight there, needed something done about it. His schoolgirl sister and her friends, who were against Australia's involvement in Vietnam and conscription, held a large banner in support of their policy. The banner declared that Holt should be conscripted for Vietnam. Michael Ward thought that Australians should fight in Vietnam, but no conscripts should be sent overseas. Why not the regular army and the C.M.F. before conscripts, was his argument.

Although the protest meeting was about the increase of the Australian commitment in Vietnam, most of the people present were more concerned about the sending of conscripts to fight overseas. The answer to the question of what Australia should do in Vietnam was, in general, that we should stop fighting and negotiate. Nobody suggested how this was to be done, but still they waved their placards.

After the speeches, regal Sarah Holt was driven past, and didn't look. So much so that she tripped on the top step of Parliament House. Meanwhile the placard holders were fed bread and cheese, and a procession past the steps of Parliament House was organised.

The procession was attempted, and was stopped by a multitude of cops who sprang out of hiding from all sorts of unlikely places. The protesters sat down, and did not move until the cops threatened to book

them. Even then, it was only the eloquence of the Childers St Hall caretaker—"I've been here nineteen years and you're my kids so please do as you're told"—that was the deciding factor.

After shouting a few chants, and marching up and down, the meeting settled down. Cops talked to demonstrators, demonstrators waved placards at passing cars, and girls were allowed to make use of a certain convenience, provided they left their placards outside. A few hotheads made plans to charge the steps of the House, but nobody could afford to be arrested, and the idea fizzled out.

Most people felt that for the demonstration to be properly effective, there should have been more people present. Nor was it sufficiently well organised. Civil disobedience and some financial backing were suggested as improvements.

Members of Parliament began to arrive, and the shouting of chants and the waving of placards was carried on with great gusto. King George was assaulted, and held a placard declaring "I will not fight in Vietnam" in his hands. Four very astute cops were smart enough to catch the student who put it there. It took them about an hour, but they got him in the end. They waited at the bottom of the statue for the offender to descend of his own free will. At first the cops were very bewildered, but their morale soon lifted because a plain clothes man leapt up the statue, grabbed the placard, leapt down again, and grabbed another placard, all in about twenty swift, decisive motions.

Soon after this magnificent exhibition of the detection and capture of such a dangerous offender, the meeting broke up, and the cold, hungry demonstrators went home.



Dedicated Demonstrators all

Liquor in the Union

In October 1965 the Australian National University Council approved in principle a draft statute which would enable liquor to be sold in the University Union and Bruce Hall. From this position the matter had to be discussed with the Government before the new statute could be fully approved.

The A.C.T. Liquor Ordinance has been amended to enable the University to determine on which of its premises liquor could be sold. At the moment liquor can only be sold at University House and the recently opened Staff Club near Lennox House.

The statute proposed to operate a bar service at the Union daily between 5pm and 6.30pm and during lunch and dinner. More restrictive rules applied at Bruce Hall. Students would have to produce their Union cards before being served and severe penalties would be imposed on students not using their own card.

WHY has all this delay occurred? The procrastination and inactivity of the Government in having this legislation finally approved must be condemned. The University Council with their vision have foreseen the need for civilised drinking among undergraduates. It is an accepted part of English Universities so why not in Australia?

The Union is crying out for funds—the profit that now goes to the Civic would be better channelled into student amenities in the Union. Those organisations and wowsers which oppose student drinking on the campus do not appreciate its real significance. The pros and cons have been fully discussed and still the University Council have seen fit to approve of it. Civilised drinking along with social intercourse in the Union will tend to further unify the A.N.U.—a university without a real heart. A beer garden in the Union vicinity (how about the green pastures between the Union and library) would be a welcome addition after the shoddiness of the Civic beer garden.

We have had to long a delay now. Maybe the University Council and Union Board could enlighten students as to the progress in regard to the sale of liquor. Student drinking on the campus must not be allowed to lapse. Let us have some action.



Yes, it does need polishing, doesn't it!

ANU Theatre Council

An A.N.U. Theatre Council consisting of cultural and theatrical bodies within the University is likely to be formed as the result of an informal meeting of representatives from interested groups on Monday 21st.

The Theatre Council will be responsible for the co-ordination of the activities of recognised dramatic and musical organizations within the A.N.U. and conduct such joint productions as the Theatre Council shall agree to present.

An interim committee of four students has been elected to draw up a formal constitution for adoption at a general meeting.

LETTERS

"Poor reporting in last issue"

Sir,
The somewhat misleading reporting in last "Woroni" of the S.C.M. Orientation Week symposium on "Free thinking" was intriguing for its unconscious revelation of the preconceived notions and prejudices that are typical of the attitude of some towards anything connected with RELIGION.

Mr. Burge did not say the "confused student" had only "two alternatives" - "to follow the latest trend, freedom in sex, freedom in atheism" or "to try for the Faith". In fact he said quite strongly that the real student had only one possible course of action: honesty of mind in all things including our deepest most, personal thoughts and feelings. Furthermore he seemed (most refreshingly) to mean real honesty of mind - not the dilettante dabbings of too many so-called "intellectual Christians" who are firmly convinced of what they are going to find at the end of their search for honesty of mind all the time they are "looking".

I suspect the reporter was also wrong in her implied assertion in the last paragraph that a small number of those present were actually converted by the symposium to Christianity. I should indeed be surprised if this were true, chiefly because - however hard it may be for people like the reporter to adjust their thinking in this regard - the aim of the symposium was not to "convert" to Christianity but to stimulate "free-thinking" about religion.

Mr. Burge is criticised for re-

calling "his views as a student 'when I was afraid to talk about things close to my heart'". "This seemed slightly irreverent today" wrote the reporter "when open-mindedness is regarded more as a necessity than a virtue." Certainly open-mindedness is a necessity, but I disagree strongly with the implication that it is common - be it among Christians, non-Christians and even - occasionally - "Woroni reporters!"

Janet Arthur.

Union Profiteers

The Editor,

I must make a most vehement protest at the manner in which the Union Shop's second-hand book service is run. Students when selling their books receive one third of the original cost of the book; the Union bookshop sells this book at two thirds of the original price. This mark-up of 33 1/3% is unreasonable and should not be tolerated by students.

Last year the S.C.M. ran the bookshop with a 10% profit margin and made approximately £70, so why can't this Union. Students may as well purchase their books through the use of the noticeboards or buy new from the University Bookshop.

Students don't be taken in by this profiteering by the Union Shop. Protest now at this outrageous mark-up!
Poor Student

Has it ever occurred to you to join Woroni Staff?

CHESHIRE'S BOOKSHOP

BLACK WAR by Clive Turnbull
This is an account of the complete extermination of a race; the destruction of the Tasmanian Aborigine and his culture: all within a short seventy-five years.

The book is available in paperback at 27/6 or clothbound at 42/6.

SAXON SHEEP by Nancy Adams
Written in the form of a romantic novel, this book tells of the introduction of the quality Merino sheep of Saxony into Australia. It is based on historical fact but is a pleasure to read and will prove interesting to all who like Australian history.

Paperback edition 27/6, cloth 39/6.

Garema Place
Canberra City

Verity Hewitt's

For all your textbook requirements;
for all your leisure reading--
contact the specialists,

GAREMA ARCADE
4-2127

R&R

THE R&R LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING CO PTY LTD
wish to advise the opening of a new handy depot situated at

UNION SHOP

Union Building, Lower Ground Floor

All R&R services available:

same day dry cleaning
complete laundry service
expert shoe repairs

REMEMBER: R&R "best by far"

The Universal Soldier

The first thing that one notices on entering the drill hall where the A.N.U. Company gather, is the air of passionate devotion to Queen, country and conscription dodging. For a few hours each week, this motley band of students casts aside such complications as academic freedom and the right to question, and settles into the traditional, masculine routine of army life.

At no time is this transformation clearer than at the beginning of the parade, where normally quiet and mild mannered arts students, now resplendent in the full regalia of corporals, or even sergeants, bellow orders at the large and fearsome array of short haired and pimply private soldiers. I was amazed at the way in which these temporary N.C.O.'s were able to live their parts; here is method acting in earnest.

The A.N.U. Company being part of a University regiment, intellectual activities form a large part of the training, for after all the regiment exists specifically to train officers. This was clearly displayed in a debate which left the fiasco of Saturday night quite, quite cold. The topic was how to get beer and many devious propositions were put forward; however that which attracted most support was that the Company affiliate with the Workers' Club.

Following on from this came a

highly informative lecture of military communication. For a large part of this, the men in khaki seemed to still be dreaming of their coldbeer, courtesy of the workers, but they managed to awake up out of their sleep for such highlights as:

"Rhythm is most important when using the transmitter. Now, by rhythm I don't mean what the woman experiences during" (At this juncture the instructor's words were drowned by helpless cries from his disciples.

"You also ought to speak in a higher pitch than you usually do; 'course, if you've got one of these low voices (snigger) you'll just have to cut your" (Once again his words were lost amidst the roars of the assembled company.

However, all is not beer and sex in the new modern army. The lecture also contained a salutary warning. When sending messages from Kingsley Street to the Hotel Civic, one must always assume the presence of sender, receiver, and interception.

"Those aerials on the German Embassy aren't just there for nothing" added the corporal significantly.

Yes, it's a man's life in the new modern army. Small wonder that as a result of their large recruiting drive during Orientation Week the A.N.U. company was able to enlist almost a dozen freshers.

UNION NIGHT Feeble Sydney Debaters

Last Saturday night, those students unfortunate enough to be present were given a dismal display of debating by members of the Sydney University Debating Union. The second of our Union Nights was an even worse failure than the first. Scruffily bewigged, resplendent in black gowns and thick-rimmed glasses, these so-called public speakers, rich in Sydney's ninety nine years of Union Nights tradition, did their level best to kill the ANU's Union Nights before they have even begun. Mooted as an "Oxford Union Parliamentary style debate," I was hoping for great things. If this was an example of the workings of Parliament, I shall become an expatriate and die in foreign parts.

It was, for some obscure reason, decided to debate a humorous topic: "That this House should jump in the Lake," the labored wit this topic produced was hardly worthy of Booyong T.C., let alone Sydney University. The deep voice of the President, Mr Michael Weber, was explaining the running of a debate as I shuffled in. After a rather noisy argument about the absence of minutes, nothing further of interest was said — only a few questions about subsequent Union Nights, the disgusting nature of Union food (hearty cheers), abominable NSW lager, and the lack of wine in the non-existent Union cellar. Quite so. From this point on, I became enmeshed in Parliamentary jargon, which poured forth in a muffled, amateurish style through beards, fingers and buck teeth.

Mr James Coombs, the "Premier for a night," introduced his cabinet, consisting of Ministers for Burley Griffin, Caring a Halt (Holt) (Hault?), Bacterial Action, General Pollution and Wild Life in/on the Lake.

Mr Coombs spoke first, giving the best

performance of the entire evening. Possibly the audience, not yet bored to sleep, was able to follow his attempts at humor better than those of subsequent speakers. He argued that there was an increasingly obvious parallel between growing slime on the bottom of the one-time controversial Burley Griffin's lake, and the currently controversial Mr Utzon's Opera House mess. In defence of Mr Utzon we should all jump in Burley Griffin's lake, an action which would not only maintain our God-given right to protest, and acclaim Burley Griffin, but would also be an exceedingly artistic supreme sacrifice. It was subsequently pointed out that this would intensify the pollution problem. It was unfortunate that he — a out of rhetoric at the 8 minute mark.

His, however, was the one coherent attempt at humorous argument to be put forward. Mr Garnsey, the leader of the Opposition, failed to impress his audience or his fellow visitors. He was subjected to annoying, continuous, and unnecessary interjections from other honorable members and finally, a motion "that he not be heard" was carried, presumably to demonstrate the lofty Oxford style tone in which Sydney conducts its debates.

The arguments put forward were few. Possibly they would have been funny had they been presented properly. We were told that we shouldn't jump in the lake because we in Canberra are part of a great experiment; we must not jump in the lake for the sake of romance and the lovers on the lake's edge; John Yocklunn is standing for King, (or was it Emperor?); and Mr Cairns has a red flag with a red kangaroo with his red tongue sticking out. (This, I think, was a joke). What some of these statements had to do with jumping in the lake I have no idea.



Woroni gleaned the following remarks from the great men afterwards: "Inimitable logic is always confounded by the obtuseness of undergraduate humor. But Union Night has continued at Sydney for 99 years nevertheless." (an enraged Mr Garnsey) . . . "this was no debate, it was a farce," tensely spat out by Mr J. D. Campbell. (We agree) . . . my government was resoundingly successful" (36-22) from Mr Coombs.

The Premier's final words were that he hopes that Union Style debating, as evangelised by the troupe from Sydney, will catch on well.

Unless some more interesting and competent speakers than the first two sets are invited, attendance, which dropped from a large house at the first (conscription) debate to about fifty at this one, will drop to nil very soon. Woroni would like to see Union Night become a resounding success. So far, they have been a failure.

Frug says: 'Frug for President'

The vicious power-mad bureaucrats who at present control the S.R.C. have refused to accept my nomination for president. Blast! However, here you see my policy speech and qualifications.

- President, Girls' Grammar Debauchery Society
- President, Boys' Grammar Debauchery Society
- Self-appointed Papal Inquirer into the Pill
- Honorary member, poolroom clot club
- Official Drinker of the Dregs, Lennox
- Thrown in lake sixteen times because of long hair (a bit rough since I am not really a homosexual; merely part female)
- Possessor of the loudest motor-bike that ever shattered eardrums in the Haydon-Allen.
- 29371 48 - Frug (male-female queer); rape, soliciting drugs, arson, impersonating a policewoman, parking ticket.

Well, now that you can see for yourself what an eminently suitable candidate I am for our S.R.C., let's get down to the basic stuff. Namely, what BRIBES can I offer you sheep.

I see that Megan Stoyles is running. Strange, she says she never runs. I can beat her programme in about four words. Booze, bangs, bloody boredom! And anyway, I am a raving redhead; she is only a (I won't say bottle; I am certainly no cat) blonde. Mind you, I support women. They are noted for their cool, unemotional, efficient, happy behaviour. So go ahead, be a dope, vote for Megan.

Dear Donny! His policies are so vigorous! Did you see the number of resolutions, submissions, proposals and motions he is going to move! By the end of the year we should have four tons of S.R.C. minutes and we can load them into the Chancellery basement, burn it down and by thus smoothly eliminating that ugly feature of our existence, Mr Bentite will at long, long last have added something to smother student-administration relations. Yes, I've always admired Don's FORTHRIGHT, FEARLESS, HONEST approach. Nevertheless, I feel that I can be every bit as obstreperous. I can promise a year in which the S.R.C. will again fail miserably to come to grips with many of the important problems confronting all youse. Yes, indeed we seem doomed to another year of mediocrity. Do something drastic - vote me in.

Everybody loves Keith! Personality! Charm! Good-looks! That beetooyful hairstyle! Mmm, I get all upset. It's so difficult to oppose Keith. Speaking as my better half, I'd rather submit.

But I WILL NOT GO UNDER!

I SHALL GO DOWN KICKING AND SCREAMING!

Vote for him if you must, but remember: you can't trust a Cheshire Cat; and mark my words, he's too smooth. With him you can't help expecting some sllperry back-alley stuff. He may be beautiful, but boy, did you ever try and pin him down? Hail the great equivocator! Made for politics. A real politician. No, a vote for Keith is a vote for silent power politics. Let's kick him upstairs to NUAUS.

Instead of darling Keithie, vote, I, Frug.

Oh, and before I forget, there is another candidate, isn't there? A part-timer, no less. A sincere, dedicated man, that. A part-timer would need to be dedicated. How else could he cope? Dear ole Yocklunn had his November meeting in March the next year. With good old Humph it would probably be suddenly next summer, '67.

But once again, some people like a man who hides under the table when he uses the gavel. It is, after all, so much politer.

Finally, I issue this ultimatum:

VOTE 1 FRUG, and you will get -

Graft, corruption, scandal, vice, inefficiency, stupidity, arrogance, petty red-tape and much cloth.

WHICH IS, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES BETTER TREATMENT THAN YOU CAN EXPECT.

Frug

UNION TROUBLES

Five hundred people have signed a petition to the Union Board complaining about the quality and quantity of the food in the union.

One Woroni reporter has been to Mr de Tothe, the Union Secretary, to ask why the coffee prices have gone up, and to find out what is to be done about it.

The answer: to both questions, according to Mr de Tothe, are one and the same. The first and most important reason is that the Union cannot afford to lose as much money as it did last year, because it does not have any money to fall back on.

The reason for this lack of funds is that there has been a large capital outlay this year, on new equipment, on the bookshop and the Union shop, and, especially, on the Cellar project. There is no money left to cover any losses made by the trading section, nor to pay for better facilities for cooking and serving food there.

Incidentally, the Union kitchen was designed to prepare light snacks, not for the cooking and serving of 3-course meals. It was not decided that full meals should be made available until after the Union kitchen was built, and so one must make allowances for the lousy food prepared therein.

The petition will have been presented to the Board by the time this has gone to press. Mr de Tothe would not comment about the petition before it had been to the Board, but did mention that there was room for improvement. Everyone knows that. What should be made known is how it is to be done.

Money is the only governing factor in this problem. Firstly, enough money must be available, or made available, to cover the costs of the trading section of the Union, which is mainly the refectory. This is why the price of coffee is so high—it is just a small part of the effort to make the Union pay.

After that, any money left over can be used to improve facilities for cooking and serving meals. And after that, the lowering of the price of coffee could perhaps be negotiated.

Thus there appears to be a pretty good case for the Union and its bad food. Having agreed that, under the existing conditions, better food and cheaper coffee are likely to remain figments of the

imagination, what is to be done? If the Union cannot save the money, why doesn't it earn it?

One freshette suggested a fete, others have suggested exhibitions. The suggestion that Union staff could be reduced has met with considerable opposition from the Union staff, and Secretary, but now is not

the time for sentiment. These suggestions, however, will never be effective until someone does something about it.

There is to be a general meeting on March 29, and this will be one of the major issues. If you eat, or drink coffee in the Union and would like to eat real food and drink cheap coffee, then be at the meeting.

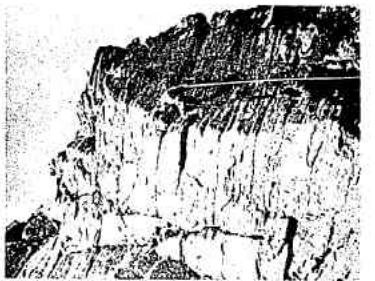
Climbing is Catching

The students of yet another Australian University have seen the light and formed a climbing club! The latest is the Wollongong University. Now climbers from the A.N.U. have excellent opportunities to regularly participate in climbs with students from another University.

It is hardly surprising that so many climbing clubs are springing up all over the country. Climbing - and Mountaineering - is one of the most spectacular and challenging sports.

There is no upper limit to the standard that a climber might attain, and there will always be climbs to tax the best and most experienced climber. The more experienced and better the climber, the more spectacular the climb he does. A climb is never the same from day to day and the difficulty, challenge and demand upon the climber literally change with the weather.

The skill of climbing lies not in feats of great physical strength but rather in good balance and steady movements coupled with the ability to think clearly and quickly under stress and, above all, in experience. No one can tell before he or she tries climbing whether he or she 'has what it takes'. Satisfaction comes from conquering the fears during those exhilarating moments whilst traversing from one delicate hold to the next, from competing not against others,



but against the challenge of Nature, ceaselessly varying and unpredictable or perhaps from the sense of achievement of successfully having pitted oneself wits against the hundreds of thousands of feet of living mountain.

Both to the onlooker and participant climbing is tremendously spectacular - from the sight of the expert moving gracefully across the sheer face or climbing an overhanging roof hundreds of feet above the valley floor to the climbers view downwards between his feet, to say nothing of the mountain scenery. These aspects of climbing will be well illustrated by some films the club is showing at its Annual General Meeting on Wednesday 30th March in Room 6 of the Physics building at 8.00 p.m.

Don't be chicken - give it a go, you're in safe hands (even girls are!)

WORONI

Elections. Oh boy.

At election time, the editor of a student newspaper is supposed to pontificate on what the S.R.C. should or should not do in the months to come. Well this election issue is going to be different. It doesn't really make any difference which of the two candidates you vote for because routine affairs will continue as before, and precious little else will be done ... as always in the past, and as will continue to happen until this University is large enough to have a vigorous political life of its own.

The same old people will run what there is to be run, and who gives a damn anyway. Nobody in his right mind will consider voting for two of the four presidential candidates; one is only running for a great big giggle, which is perhaps appropriate considering the state of ANU student politics. One is a not violently impressive part-timer whom I hope nobody will consider, because in spite of Yocklunn's sterling efforts last year, a part-timer cannot seriously expect to be able to turn in

a reasonable performance. He hasn't got the time, or the continual immersion in student affairs, that a president most definitely should have. As for the two candidates who will do a good job if elected, the choice, dear friends, is yours.

To continue the theme of student inactivity owing to lack of numbers there are many complaints going around, on the subject of our Union's inadequacy. We couldn't agree more, but those societies which are so vociferous in their condemnation don't seem to be making much use of the facilities the Union does offer. There are vacant rooms which are always vacant. Why don't those clubs make them hum with activity?

And below we have printed some sketches which Petty, The Australian's cartoonist, for whom we have a deep admiration, has been kind enough to give us. They were drawn in Rhodesia and South Vietnam. We think they say more profound things than we can.



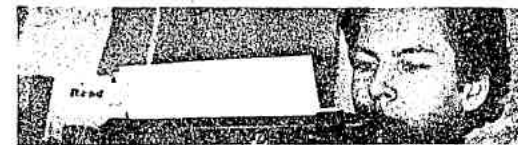
Hariri township, 7 miles from Salisbury... restricted to Africans ... all Africans travel to Salisbury by bus to work as waiters, cleaners etc. for £A3 a week.



Key to economy - beer hall, government run. Profits go towards health clinic and sports ground... Beer is drunk out of gallon cartons ... place is reasonably well run... it does it to raise money and its justification is that it does it to prevent the commercial breweries from exploiting the natives. They are so poorly paid that they are un-taxable

CROSSROADS

with
Robert Moss



Chekhov said of Maxim Gorky that "it seems to me that a time will come when Gorky's works will be forgotten, but he himself will hardly be forgotten in a thousand years". Probably few modern critics would disagree with his judgement. The Gorky who manufactured endless tedious dialogues to expound his social ideology; the Gorky who lapsed into turgid rhetoric in his attempts to write an epic for his times; the Gorky who became the official exponent of Stalin's doctrine of the artist as "the engineer of souls": these hardly matter. The Gorky we remember is the boy who fought his way out of desperate poverty, the man who grappled with the greatest minds of his age to find answers to the problems that obsessed him. He was no great thinker, and never evolved a coherent philosophy. The theories of art he did come to accept involved him in the literary police-work we have come to associate with the term "Zhadovism", threatened his artistic integrity, and led to a break with many of his closest friends. As a stylist, he was liable to lapse into pamphlet-prose or pompous verbiage. In one kind of writing (and only one) he was nevertheless a master. In his autobiography and his reminiscences, his grip is assured, and his characters are not the invention of his scanty imagination, but the relatives and friends who dominated his memories.

In 1928, he wrote an article addressed to workers and peasants entitled "How I Learned to Write". He suggested two motives for his writing: the desire to transform "an exhaustingly barren life" into romance, a hymn to man; and the "abundance of impressions" retained after a wide experience of the world. Both of these gave birth to the book that was probably his greatest, *Childhood*, the first part of his *Autobiography*. A film version of *Childhood* was recently screened at the A.N.U., and films of the later parts of the *Autobiography* are to follow. The film omits some of the most brutal incidents in an exceptionally bitter childhood - his mother's death under his step-father's jackboots; his grandmother painfully extracting bloodstained hairpins after her husband had beaten her about the head - but the image is quickly established of a world dominated by violence and insensate inhumanity, in which the good seems to bow meekly beneath all that is rotten and diseased in society. But neither the film nor the book are despairing, and Gorky would have viewed such a work as profoundly immoral - he had a deep sense of the author's responsibility to his public, a responsibility that forbade him to poison society "with the shameful spectacle" of his private "wounds and ulcers".

Childhood is tragic - for the faithful servant and the loving grandmother who end as beggars, for the gay apprentice who is senselessly killed - and yet is also amusing, exalting, full of a will to live. The film ends in glorious vistas of the noble youth setting off across the fields into the future (and these convey very effectively Gorky's response to nature and the call of the natural world) but its optimism runs deeper than this. It is an optimism that insists in finding beneath the harsh, corrupt surface of life (as Gorky wrote elsewhere) "that which is clear coloured, sound, and creative", that has faith in the life stirring in Russia itself, in the country and its people. It is a call to life

that reaches beyond a personal awakening to the moujik, the artisan and the aristocrat: Gorky is a Zorba with a programme for society.

This can be further illustrated by his techniques. When Tolstoy writes of childhood, he writes of inner consciousness, he writes of what is felt and thought; when Gorky writes, he is writing of one boy who is a medium for his picture of a whole society, he writes of what is seen and heard.

Vissarion Belinski, the greatest pioneer of Russian criticism and literary theory, once wisely remarked that the artist "should not worry about the incarnation of ideas. If you are a poet, your work will contain them without your knowledge - they will be both moral and national if you follow your inspiration freely." His career was the laboured process by which a self-educated man returned after fevered exploits in the dangerous terrain of German idealist philosophy to a direct concern with the world and its social problems that had been awakened in his earliest years. It was Gorky's misfortune (and he was a man equally self-educated and equally conscious of lowly origins) to increasingly lose himself in abstractions as his career drew to a close. His abstractions were those of a social doctrinaire: ruinous for his art, and treacherous if used as a guide for future writing. He remained a man with the best of intentions, but he had lost forever the power to give them literary form. As a reward, he became the only Russian author to have a major city named after him ("Pushkino" is of secondary importance, and there is no "Tolstoy", "Dostoevsky", or "Lermontov").

Belinski died in 1848; Gorky's most important work was written before the October Revolution: although both suffered from the negative censorship of the Tsarist regime, neither had to contend with positive doctrines of the meaning of art. Each individually arrived at similar conclusions about the way in which art is conditioned by art, society and national identity. Neither would have wished their theories to become an imposed orthodoxy. But they became joint heroes and exemplars of the Marxist-Leninist concept of art and it was largely against ossified doctrines of theirs that Evgeny Evtushenko was reacting when he wrote "suddenly I somehow found that I must answer all the questions on my own."

The Fellowship of Australian Writers met recently to congratulate Alec Hope on the publication of his *Collected Poems* and the new President, C.P. Fitzgerald, on the appearance of his book on *East Asia*. It was a night for the publishers also. Professor Manning Clark, in praising what he termed Hope's 'attack on the dogs at the gate to the eternal city' and Fitzgerald's leadership in the Australian 'awakening to Asia', commended their publishers, Angus and Robertson's and Heinemann's, on their work. Mr. Hill was there from London to recall Heinemann's early response to Australian literature in the form of *Richard Mahony* and *Such is Life*. 'Between us,' he continued, 'I think Angus and Robertson's and Heinemann's provide a lifetime's reading.' 'Of course, there's the Old Testament,' Clark interjected. 'Oh, we have our version of that too.'

Oh, how I hate them!

This writing is the work of a bitter soul and what's more I freely admit that the following observations are biased and self-pitying. If the thought nauseates you read no further. The writer certainly does not claim to be free of faults but savage personal opinions without careful qualifying are why so here goes.

The greatest group of homosexuals in the University. Anyone who has been at this Uni more than one term or who has lived at Lennox House will recognise this lot. Rugger-buggers whose fondest anecdotes recall memories like when old so and so made an animal of himself by pissing/chucking all over that pofter bloke. Long hair is a sure sign of a queen as far as these brainless beer-sponges are concerned. Anyone with a haircut longer than theirs is greeted with witty remarks like 'What

a rugged sort, I could really go for him' and so on. This last remark and many in a similar tone have been noted by this writer over a period of years. This fearless bunch of queer hunters cut peoples hair when it offends them or throw into the lake at Lennox yet when at a party and drunk they display a range of homosexual activities which their victims have probably never even seen. Mock buggings, playing at being queer, much talk about size of organs and so on. Their attitudes to any heterosexual activities are a mindless sniggering on a fourteen-year-old level. In short, they are like the little old ladies who look under the bed for

rapists. They are hoping to find one. If they were ever propositioned by a queer half of them would accept and the other half would run to their mummies.

Secondly girls - who are a pain in the neck. Girls in this University divide into two types. Those who do it and talk about it. Those who don't but come on like Messalina. I'm not sure yet who are the most boring. The first type have had one maybe two men but to hear them talk they never sleep alone. With voices like public address systems they discuss the relative merits of their brand of orals and costs of abortions. They're always on about how pissed they were at so and so's big push party which in reality consisted of ten boring people half shot on cheap claret. They use four letter words freely and drink at the civic - if someone else buys, that is. If they ever stay overnight at your place they'll sleep on the sofa but never with you. And if ever with vows of love and promises of wedding rings you get them into bed you find that flat on their backs is the only position they know. Beatniks on the outside and Mrs Everage behind the fly of their jeans they are so free, so uninhibited and so bloody boring.

Three Hearty British Cheers for Uncle Sam

By Chris Borthwick

Say what you like about America, it certainly does have loyal enemies. The other day at a sherry party I was talking to that grand old man of Australian Americaphobia, Professor Vestpocket. "Honestly, Chris," he said, "You young people simply don't realize the amount of work, work and know-how, that goes into this business. And all for nothing, mind you! Some semi-fascist rightwingers have at times called us professional anti-Americans, but there's not a word of truth in it. We're pure disinterested amateurs, just like Roy Emerson in the tennis world, playing the game for the simple fun of seeing how many hours of television time we can get.

Oh, there's a lot of skill in it - a thousand pitfalls, a million blind alleys. For example, somebody came up to me the other day and asked me if I didn't feel there was some useful material in those hundred thousand Indonesian Communists murdered by the army. To someone who didn't know the ins and outs as well as I do, it might have looked promising: I mean, the C.I.A. was fomenting revolt, so there was a tie up with Diem and Vietnam. But I was regrettably obliged to squash it. I simply asked the man two questions. First, I said, where are your atrocity pictures? and secondly, how many troops has Australia got fighting in Java? For the av-

erage Australian, no photos and no troops means the situation simply does not exist. And where's the press coverage of a non-existent situation? As professor of philosophy at Sydney - Sydney or Melbourne, one of the two unless it's Western Australia - any way it slips my mind for the moment, but as professor of philosophy I know you can't make something out of nothing, not without a long and tedious campaign; and why bother when we're getting just about as much publicity as we can handle over Vietnam? Of course, I was perfectly right about the unimportance of this Indonesian thing - not a single public figure has so much as mentioned it, let alone denounced it. I tell you, Chris, I'm truly proud to be a member of such a marvellous group, all men who could not be distracted from the issue of non-lethal gas in Vietnam by over a hundred thousand dead. I really am.

Some alarmists have been going round spreading dire stories about the mass unemployment among us university personalities that would result if anybody ever won the war in Vietnam, but I'm not worried. It'll last my time: and even if it doesn't, the Yanks are always putting their foot into it somewhere in the world. I may be an old sentimentalist, Chris, but I give you a toast: long blunder America!"



MUSIC

With John Stephens

Twilighters Tremendous

The Union took its first step into the world of entrepreneurs last Monday night, with its presentation of the Twilighters, a folk group that has made its name round Sydney folk spots and has just entered the recording field. The concert managed a large audience that was most receptive to the singers.

The voices of the three members blend very well and manage a sound that is very adaptable. The various combinations provided a pleasant programme, from strict folk into rhythm and blues and even ventured into the Liverpool sound. While they presented numerous wellknown songs which were not sung in a style very different from the original, their excursion into original songs was most refreshing. Some of the new songs showed startling originality of lyrics and tunes that were most commercial. The group themselves had written some clever parodies, one on the Profumo affair, a bit dated but still cutting and amusing, and a sardonic attack on the



fleets of Mr. Whippy vans, titled Creamsleeves'.

Judging by the final applause and the several encores, the Union speculative enterprise was an outstanding success and showed that the TWILIGHTERS have a great potential in the folk world.

The concert was a first rate presentation, with slick delivery, good guitar work and excellent selection of items.

'SOMETIMES, ATTACK IS THE ONLY DEFENCE'

Knopfelmacher again

LISEL MOORE DEFENDS HER FORMER TUTOR.

comers (nothing more freezing than to be fixed by a pair of bready eyes, while a Mittel European accent inquiries as to whether your financial position is so insecure you cannot afford a ten bob alarm clock from Coles). And yet, surprisingly enough, sympathetic affection is what he inspires in some of his students. Not all, of course. Knopfels makes no allowances, and has no small talk. But he does have the capacity to take a psychological theory and demonstrate just what are the philosophical assumptions underlying it—which may not sound very exciting, but which after years of rats in mazes and eyeblinks per second has all the charm of blasphemy.

All sorts of apocryphal stories tend to spring up around Knopfels. There was the time he had to listen to a not very competent seminar paper. After bearing his woe in silence for at least five minutes, it grew too much for him. He turned to the front desk where someone had left a Woman's Weekly, picked it up and handed it to his hapless student, saying "If you wish to entertain der class, Mr Morris, you can do it just oz vell by reading us a story out of der magazine." And there was a girl who had a question every time he paused for breath, until the day he told her she

had the greatest capacity for asking irrelevant questions of any student he had ever known.

All this of course is not a rational defence of Knopfels. But then his attackers tend to be rather irrational themselves. If the University of Sydney is so afraid of Knopfel's influence, the question arises as to why he (supposedly) has so much influence. Perhaps his arguments convince because they're right. Personally I don't think so. But as someone or other said, I will (metaphorically speaking of course) fight to the death for his right to say them. The fact that he is wrong in his political views is no good reason for denying him a position for which he is eminently qualified, nor for fearing him to the extent he is apparently feared. Talk about McCarthyism—on which side exactly are we supposed to find it?

The trouble with Knopfels is that he can run rings around his opponents with one leg tied behind his back, and this disturbs them. And so everyone, including poor old Dr K, descends to this level of petty hate. But least Knopfels keeps his prejudices out of his lectures which is more than Mr Tier does in his reporting.

There is an old, old, game known as the 'let's hate Knopfelmacher game.' The winner is the one who has the least backing for his criticisms. Mr Tier manages to score fairly highly—a solidly patronizing air gains you ten extra points to begin with. Knopfelmacher is something far more complex than a mere rabble-rouser who can be dismissed with the snap of an undergraduate's fingers. Mr Tier should go out and stick his head in a bucket of cold water before he makes any more rash and ridiculous statements like "Dr Knopfelmacher's claims to fame come from his extremist views, rather than from any positive achievements in society."

Knopfels is an arrogant, brilliant, paranoid, lonely man. It may surprise Mr Tier to learn that he is also, academically, an intellectually honest man, who does not use his position to propagandise to his students and who by continuing to hold his opinions over the past years has done a great deal of harm to himself in the matter of promotions (witness the Sydney Affair).

He waddles unsmiling into his lecture, says his usual Gut Mornink, waits five minutes and then demolishes any late



E AUSTRALIAN

I'll never understand why people continue to read newspapers that only half do the vital job of reporting the news—the significant news . . . newspapers that, well, frankly, are lagging behind the times in presentation and style . . . newspapers that seem to be crammed with stodgy features and non-news, when they could be reading Australia's most exciting, stimulating newcomer to the nation's Press

THE AUSTRALIAN

Buy the Australian wherever newspapers are sold. Better still—have it delivered to home or office by your newsagent, every day.

CINEMA

**Oh God!
O' Toole**

It was in "Lawrence" that we first became acquainted with O'Toole, the man in agony, beautiful face and incredible blue eyes raised to the sky, teeth bared, lips set. "Lord Jim" gives us, once again, not a person, but good old Peter, mutely agonising.

Conrad is a difficult author to transfer successfully to film, for he depends on description rather than dialogue for his effect. Richard Brooks, the producer, has made a fundamental mistake in his approach to the story, for there can be little doubt that Conrad's main objective in writing this book was to expose the horrors of Dutch colonialism in the Malay Archipelago. In order to make the book interesting to his Victorian audience, he included much emotion and action. Lord Jim is used as the medium through which we see this colonialism and from whom we get the emotion. The twentieth century producer is faced with the problem of deciding which of the three features of the book should become the central point of the film. Obviously, Dutch colonialism is no longer a burning issue; certainly the film showed us anything but Dutch colonialism; we were shown a white man ruthlessly exploiting native villagers, but he was being strongly opposed by other white men. The choice which remained was between a searing character study of a man who imagined he was a branded outcast, and who was in fact rather abnormal, trying to redeem himself in his own eyes by Herculean efforts to preserve a Javanese village from destruction, and alternately, of some really good action and setting, with Lord Jim as 'ye enigmatic figure flitting through the villagers' lives. Unfortunately, the producer did not choose the second theme, which could make an excellent film; he centred his plot around Jim, no doubt inspired by O'Toole's well known propensity for the man in agony bit.

The motley result was a film suffered from acute schitzophrenia, for it passed from some truly enjoyable action shots, with Malays racing around with gun-powder primed spears, dead bodies and ancient cannon, to remarkably boring sequences in which Peter O'Toole bares a coward's soul along with his eyes, teeth and lovely blond hair. Much of the blame for the film's dismal failure to inject any interest whatsoever into the character of Jim rests with the script-writers, for how can a man with a problem reveal the depths of his suffering simply by facial expression? There must also be the occasional piece of revealing dialogue.

There are several excellent supporting actors, notably Eli Wallach, who, as the cynical and rather crude "General" (of mongrel French origin, one presumes), is most enjoyably villainous as he casually shoots the faithful assistant who has let Jim escape, and James Mason turns in a short but perfect performance as yet another blase murderer. Both these two do more to reveal Jim's character to us than O'Toole, with his pitiful lines, ever does. Daliah Lavi as the native girl who falls in love with Jim is nicely intense, and appropriately bewildered by her boyfriend.

The film is technically excellent, takes place in magnificent surroundings, features a number of good actors and a troupe of enthusiastic Malays. But it is, alas, trying to show us the inner soul of Jim, and as it fails to achieve this aim, there is an

uncomfortable lack of direction in the story. Only towards the end of the film does one really catch what it is all about. Consequently, your reviewer experienced a deep inner satisfaction when O'Toole, (he really wasn't Lord Jim), completes the incomprehensible tale of his pointless life by masochistically demanding that he pay the price of one of his more stupid acts by allowing the natives to shoot him. Unless Mr. O'Toole leaves such mute, feeble roles alone in future, his name will operate as anything but a drawcard. His Lawrence was bearable, his Jim was terrible, his next will be the absolute end. I have seen Peter O'Toole in three films; "Becket", "Lawrence of Arabia" and "Lord Jim". As Henry II he acted superbly in the character prescribed. It was unfortunate that this character bore little resemblance to Henry's actual character, but assuming that what the producer wanted was a neurotic homosexual incompetent, Peter O'Toole acted the part superbly.

**Catastrophic
Cleopatra**

If you haven't been to see Cleopatra yet - don't bother. Whilst personally finding multi-million dollar epics rather charming (in small doses) - three and half hours (or however long this particular eternity lasted in objective as compared with subjective time) of Elizabeth Taylor is beyond human capacity for suffering.

Elizabeth Taylor may have three facial expressions, but she certainly uses no more than two in Cleopatra. Rex Harrison looks faintly stunned, as though wondering how the hell he ever got involved in this mess. In fact, Rexy is the only one who gives any impression that he may have had some previous acting experience.

Of Richard Burton the less said the better. Muscles and flared nostrils are about the only impression remaining. Incidentally, he took 1 minute 30 seconds to die, (we were, by the end of the picture, getting our

simple pleasures from timing the emotional binges being indulged in on the screen.

And it was so clean. In the American Idea of Ancient Rome, even the beggars wear clean robes, and the carefully applied burnt cork down either side of their noses is likely to convince no one.

**To Kill a
Mockingbird**

Director Robert Mulligan
Cast Gregory Peck
Mary Badham

This is one of the rare films to come out of Hollywood that is worth looking at seriously. Dealing with a subject that could so easily have been overdone to suit conventionally superficial standards, it is remarkable for its restrained handling.

The film operates on two levels, or rather, in two worlds—the world of children, rich with fantasy, and that of the adult, real and complex. It is the children who dominate the film and provide it with its most delightful moments. Mary Badham, as the sister, plays a difficult role and her acting is outstanding, no little credit for which must go to Mulligan's direction.

Gregory Peck is competent as the kind father and upright lawyer. His part requires a sympathetic performance, but no dramatic brilliance. It is the candour and devastating innocence of the lawyer's daughter which is the most striking aspect of the acting.

The plot is on the whole well handled. The only significant lapse concerns the trial sequence. Before and after this scene one sees events through the eyes of the children. The sudden transfer to an objective viewpoint produces an unwelcome break with the general flow of the story. Far better than a rather hackneyed piece of legal drama would have been an impressionistic view filmed from behind the railings where the children crouched, with more shots of the negroes watching the trial.

The photography was in places superb, particularly in the climatic sequence where the attack on the brother is dramatically portrayed from behind the sister's Halloween mask.

Much more could be said about this film, but the main criticism is that the director never fully makes up his mind whether he is concentrating solely on the children, or trying to balance the two worlds of the child and the adult. If he is attempting the later, then it is top-heavy on the side of the children. But one cannot help being grateful to Mary Badham for not being 'cute', and to Robert Mulligan for not overplaying what could have been 'racial high-drama'.

D.O.

from a great height

A COLUMN OF POLITICAL COMMENT by Peter Paterson

Enlightenment 1966

One cannot but marvel at the vast differences between present-day English liberalism and contemporary Australian illiberalism. This has been most clearly highlighted by recent English legislation as: The Anti-Hanging Bill, the Abortion Bill and the Homosexuality Bill. England is not only prepared to openly debate these moral issues in academic circles, far more freely than they are debated in Australia, but the House of Commons and the House of Lords freely debate whether the time has come to adapt the law in these fields to Modern sociological thought.

Imagine some Hon. member in an Australian legislature standing to support a Bill to legalise homosexual acts between consenting adults. The chamber would be hushed. A booming, coarse voice from the back benches would call out "Poofster". That Hon. member would in future confine his remarks to Workers' Compensation or the Opera House.

The proponent of abortion legislation would find the ailing calmer through the House, but the churches would call for his head. The call would go out loud and clear. And in most cases they would get it. I cite the Catholic Church's opposition to Sir Garfield Barwick's Matrimonial Causes Bill as the paradigm case of moral irrationalism in the last decade.

The Bill did not offer unhappy couples the easy way out of divorce by consent, which is available to those who follow the Moslem ethic. Instead Australians have to go to court, pay some greedy lawyer a large sum of money, to obtain the dissolution of a marriage that both are determined to wind up. Perhaps Allah is kinder to those who believe in him, but

God has a soft spot for lawyers. (Witness Church services at the commencement of the Law Year.)

**Steel Mill
for China**

The announcement that Swiss, French, British, German and Italian firms are going to supply China with a \$A143 million steel plant must raise in people's minds, questions as to just how serious these Western countries consider the threat of Chinese expansionism. Any well informed Australian must already be strongly suspicious that our Government's fears of the New Emergent China are purely for home consumption. Those who are honest and have thought deeply about the question, invariably reach one of two conclusions.

1. That we have little to fear from China and, as it would be ludicrous to leave the lucrative Chinese wheat market to the Canadians, we should hop in for our cut.

2. That China can hardly wait to invade Australia, the blueprints have been drawn up by Mr E. F. Hill and are constantly being studied and revised in Peking.

Both the Government and the Opposition have reached the first conclusion. Without it seems to be a case of the Government practising what the Opposition preaches, with the Opposition having the reservations about what the Government practises.

Paranoid



with Stephen Jay

His pipe was lighted, his fire was burning, he leaned back in his armchair and said why he considered the existence of God to be a self-evident fact. Out came all the dear old coco-nuts about the creator, the uniqueness of the human personality, such that it could not possibly disappear after death, and finally, with that so-repugnant humorous self-deprecation, he feels, heh heh (puff) that it is an emotional necessity for him to believe in God. After all, he is but a mere, heh, (puff puff) human, and he needs a secure point to hang his life on. He is about Fifty, he is typical of fifty-year-old people, he is the last of the true believers. His father followed the teachings of the Church; he believes in God; his son believes in very little.

I am dreaming, I know, when I say that. Man has always had a God, or gods. Society must be torn apart at the roots before we can have a clean slate on which God does not figure. The Communists tried, but failed. There came instead another religion, the religion of Man Triumphant, and of course the State. Neither being a satisfactory attitude to man's position. To hark back to our nice man in his chair, the essential difference between his and this generation is that whereas he was probably given a sound base of mythology to make him at least presume the existence of God, if not the glory of the Church, his son (non-Catholic, that is) has not. Free of this automatic first step into religion, he is free to reject the whole complex. That is the difference between the young and the old.

iculously narrow though it may be, is an attempt to explain this revulsion. It is a peculiar religion. It preaches a most advanced moral code, and yet its holy book, written by the first apostles and saints, is full of stories of cruelty, arrogance and prejudice. In Acts 5, 1-12, there is a particularly odious story of holy murder by St Peter. All the Christians are supposed to sell their property and give the money to the apostles in order that they might travel the land as missionaries. Which is reminiscent of the Exclusive Brethren's behaviour, is it not? A man called Ananias sells his land, but, with the knowledge of his wife, keeps back part of the money, presumably as old age insurance. Peter then calls him in, his spies having found this out, and invokes the divine wrath, so that Ananias falls dead on the spot. Either scared to death IN A FRENZY OF religious fright, or privately strangled by big Peter. Ananias is promptly buried. Then his wife, as an accomplice, is also either scared or strangled to death, and hastily buried. From then on, there are no complainers. This was the action of a prophet of forgiveness and mercy. Yech.

There are similar examples throughout the history of Christianity. It rather turns one's stomach. At the moment the Church is respectable. It is not the leader of society; in fact some people have gone as far as to say that it is dying, that people are growing out of the need to have a spiritual big brother, a security point. I doubt that the human race has grown up sufficiently yet.

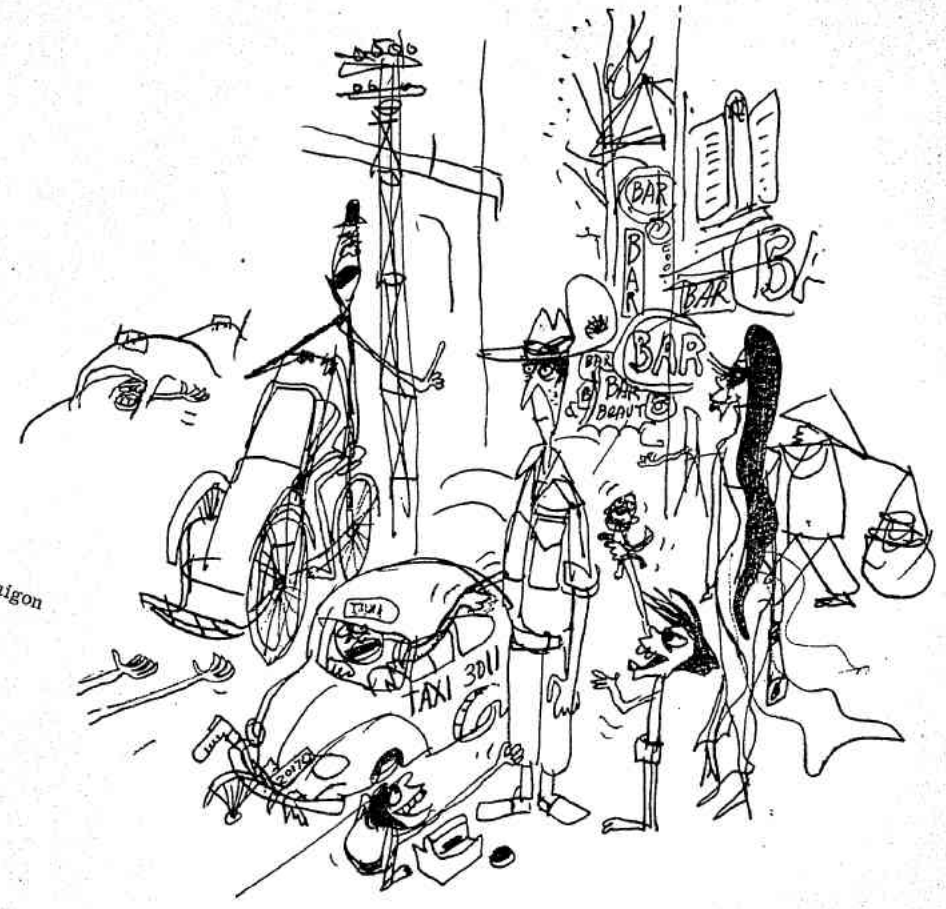
Wherever the Church has been a force in society, it has always been a reactionary, dictatorial refuge for self-righteous, bigoted paranoids. I hate the Church. There must be something in religion, but what? The moral code of Christianity is peculiar, highly civilised, and rather difficult, highly civilised, and rather difficult. It has only been applied by Christ and the odd saint, so far as one can discern. I admire the genuine Christian but he is a very rare bird. I approve of certain effects Christianity has had on society, but I loathe many of them. And as for those people who pity the Godless man in his empty life, well I pity them in their happy pink cloud of a big, nice, daddy image.

Atheism is not a product of the intellect. It takes a brain to escape from prior conditioning, but often a 'Godless' man has never been subjected to pro-god propaganda. Atheism is the product of a certain emotional outlook on life. There is no evidence for the existence of God, merely evidence of a desire for his existence. On the strength of this, a whole elaborate collection of emotional catch-phrases and social restrictions have developed. The Church is an integral part of our society, and as such can still influence thought. This is a pity, as the function which it fulfills is only that which self-promoted 'pillars of the community' already perform. There is no doubt that an awful lot of people need religion; if only because they have always been told they do. Christianity, however, has managed to give itself a putrid aroma of self-satisfied, sanctimonious senility.

Atheism is better.

The economy of Saigon is based on the presence of Servicemen and immense American aid. In an attempt to overcome the inflation problem, US Servicemen are paid in scrip.

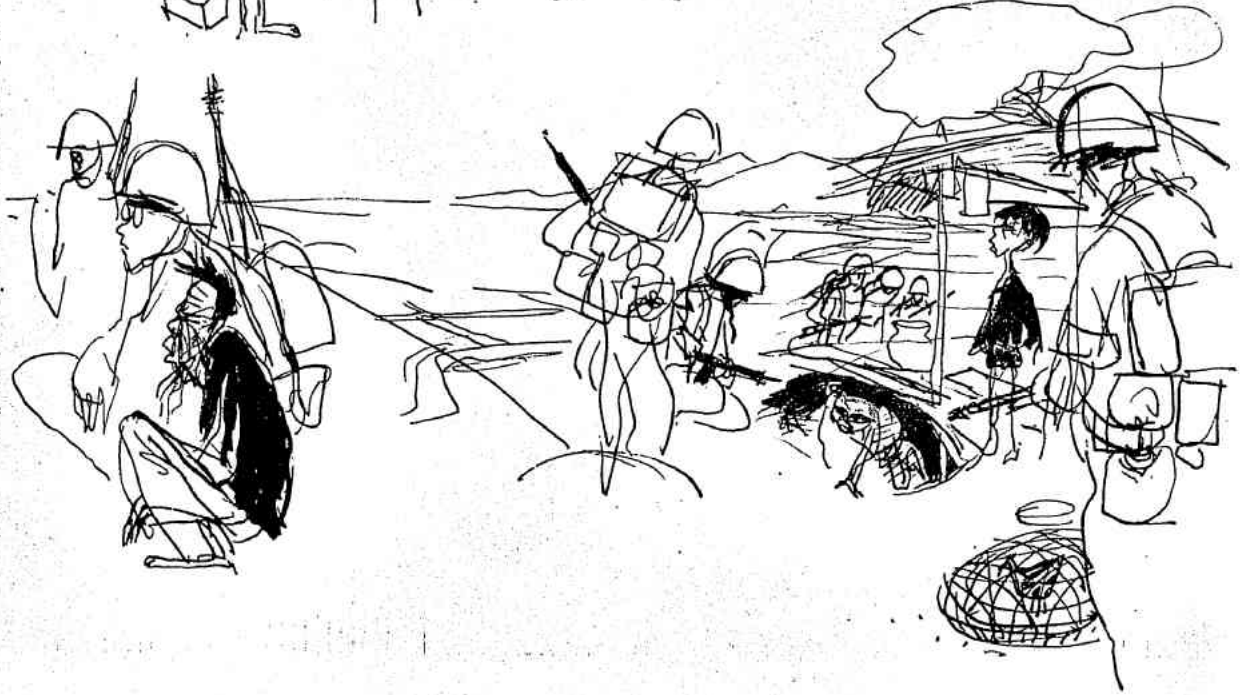
A Marine operation South of Da Nang: had little contact with enemy but found young boys hidden in dugouts everywhere.



Saigon



Corruption begins early.



fashion



Suddenly you have the 'in look'! the 'Goodwins' look! You're it - in gear from Goodwins.

Friday, March 18th was the date set for the premiere showing of a parade of clothes from the Goodwin Homes second-hand clothing stall. The venue: upstairs in the Union.

The tumultuous reception accorded this event has led the organisers to hope that a repeat performance can be staged in the near future for those few students unfortunate enough to have had other commitments. The crowds were enormous! The applause overwhelming! The models overwhelmed....

Naturally. Prices of the gear ranged from a mere 20c for the sweaters and gloves to an outrageous \$3 for a double-breasted dinner suit. For about \$16, it was shown, a student could outfit his/herself for every occasion, from 'those little maternity accidents' to the Oodnagallable Picnic Races Ball. For the serious-minded, intent on worming their way through diplomatic circles, the emphasis was on an extensive collection of unassuming little dresses that give casual elegance for relaxed cocktail wear.

The Look in 'Goodwins'! To be really switched-on, get with the newest craze on campus - Go Goodwins.



UNION NEWS

Dear Members of the Union,
 I report to you, under Section 22 (3) of the Union interim constitution, the financial activities of the Union for the year ended 31st December, 1965. Financially, the past year has been a difficult one for the Union. These difficulties have in part been due to a

number of special difficulties under which the Union operated in 1965 (such as coping with the demands of Burton Hall), but in the main could be attributed to the trials and tribulations of the first year of operation.

As could be reasonably expected, demands by all members for equipment and services were high and, had the University not provided a considerable sum for capital equipment early in the year, then the capital funds of the Union itself would have been insufficient to meet all requirements. On current account, a deficit of £1,578 had to be met by Capital Funds.

The presence of Burton Hall in the Union caused an extremely late start to be made in catering services, an important factor when considering the trading loss of £3,429 incurred during 1965.

Early in 1965 the then Interim Board of Management recommended to the Council the level of Union fees it considered appropriate for 1965. It decided then on the principle of financing the capital expenditure of the Union through the means of an Entrance fee, current expenditure to be undertaken out of Annual Membership fees. Life Membership fees were to be used partly for capital

expenditure, partly for current. Fees Firstly, the trading loss of £3,429 which credited to the Current Account during has been mentioned already. Secondly, 1965 amounted to £12,661 whilst the costs such as electricity, cleaning and Capital Account received £7,836. This administration which have not been taken second amount is, of course, far higher into account when arriving at the Trading than would normally be the case since Loss figure as normally would be the case every member had to pay an Entrance fee in a trading concern. It is estimated that these indirect costs would amount to a

Although the Capital Account balance at further £2,000. In an effort to budget more realistically remembered that demands on this sum are in 1966, the Union Board recommended to heavy. The Union Board considers it to be Council an increase in Union fees. Council extremely important that the Union is accepted the recommendation and fee always financially sound, at all times income should rise considerably this year. having reserves to cope with the This increase should enable the Board to unexpected. The Capital Account is reach a "normal" level of activity at the therefore expected to cope with this same time providing services to members. Secondly, large and expensive additions it should be noted however, that since are being undertaken by the Union at the Master's Degree students are no longer present time. I refer of course to the compulsory members of the Union an Union Cellar project. This project will offsetting reduction to fee income will take demand a considerable proportion of place in 1966.

Capital income for some years to come. Depreciation and maintenance to the building interior, equipment, furniture and fittings are understandably heavy and £1,400 was put aside for this purpose in 1965.

The eating facilities provided by the Union are heavily subsidized by current fee income. This occurs in two ways.

A. G. Hartnell,
 Chairman,
 Union Board of Management.

The Australian National University Union Balance Sheet

The Australian National University Union BALANCE SHEET as at 31st December, 1965		TOTAL INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1965 The Australian National University Union INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st December, 1965		The Australian National University Union CAPITAL ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st December, 1965		Musical Equipment Trading Equipment Office Equipment Cleaning Equipment Building Interior			
ASSETS		EXPENDITURE		INCOME		0	0	0	
Current Assets		TRADING LOSS		Entrance Fees	7,596	40	37	3	
Cash on Hand	25	Refectory	3,310	Life Membership Subscriptions	300	0	0	0	
Cash at Bank	4,290	Canteen	118	Less 1/5 transferred to Income and Expenditure Account	60	0	0	0	
Sundry Debtors	714	WAGES AND SALARIES		Fines Received	6	0	0	0	
Trading Stock on hand — at cost	731	Fees Clerk	528	Balance as 31st December, 1965	£7842	100	89	11	
Fixed Assets — at cost		Porters	2,922	EXPENDITURE		£600	£302	£298	
		PAY ROLL TAX AND W.C.A.		Trading deficit for the year	1,578	PROVISION FOR REPLACEMENT ACCOUNTS			
		OFFICE EXPENSES		Capital purchases	1,833	1965	Expenditure	Balance at	
		Stationery and Printing	316	Total Capital Expenditure for the year	3,411	£800	During 1965	Dec 31, 1965	
		Telephone	78	Capital Funds Unspent at 31st December, 1965	4,431	£800	Nil	£800	
		Postage and Telegrams	43				The Australian National University Union		
		Publication of News Sheet	85				CANTEN AND REFECTORY TRADING ACCOUNT		
		Advertising	14				for the year ended 31st December, 1965		
		Travelling	33				Canteen Refectory Total		
		Suppers at meetings	14				SALES		
		Sundry Expenses	72				COST OF SALES		
		UNIFORMS					STOCK ON HAND		
		Porters	142				CANTEN AND REFECTORY PROFIT AND LOSS		
		Catering Staff	156				ACCOUNT		
		CLEANING COSTS					for the year ended 31st December, 1965		
		Wages	2,929				GROSS TRADING PROFIT		
		Cleaning Materials	350				Transferred from Trading Account		
		Uniforms	20				797 1869 2666		
		LIGHT AND POWER					LESS EXPENDITURE		
		MEMBERSHIP EXPENSES					Canteen Refectory Total		
		Union Nights	146				Wages and Salaries		
		Grant to Clubs	225				Pay Roll Tax and W/C		
		College Unions	18				Laundry		
		Election Expenses	52				Sundry Expenses		
		Entertainment	77				11 12 23		
		Union Cards	67				915 5179 6094		
		EXPENDABLE AMENITIES					NET LOSS FOR THE YEAR		
		Newspapers & Periodicals					£118 £3310 £3248		
		PROVISION FOR MAINTENANCE					Footnote: Only Direct Cost of Trading concerns are		
		Plant	175				included.		
		Furnishings	225						
		Games Room Equipment	60						
		Kitchen and Dining Room Equipment	40						
		Building Interior	100						
		PROVISION FOR REPLACEMENTS							
		600 Plant							
		800 Furnishings & Fittings							
		Games Room Equip.							
		TOTAL EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR 1965	£14,548						

UNION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Tuesday March 29th 12-45 Meeting room Union

WORONI

Monday March 28th, 1966. Vol. 18 No. 3.
 Box 4 G.P.O Canberra City. phone 41818

EDITOR: MARK TIER
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR: STEPHEN JAY
 DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHER: CHRIS ARNDT
 SPECIAL WRITERS: Robert Moss, Chris Borthwick, Richard Rigby, Alex Simpson, Lisel Moore, Keith Baker, Terry McGrath, Denis Oram, Peter Paterson, Harry Abraham, Graeme Blomfield, John Penhallurick.
 REPORTERS: David Edgerley, Margaret Quinn, Graham Jackson, Sue Nicholls, Michael Goldsmith, Andrew Griffiths.

GENERAL STAFF: Mike Slocum, Tim MacNamara, Chris Topp, Don Armstrong, Prue Madsen.

WORONI is published fortnightly during the year except during the examination and vacation periods under the auspices of the ANU SRC by Don Bentle, Director of Student Publications. Subscriptions: \$1.50 per year post paid. Advertising rates: Casual, \$1.25 per inch; contract rates on application. Clubs and Societies: first inch free, then 80 cents per inch. Student classified: three lines free, then 8 cents per line. Registered at the GPO Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical. Printed by the Canberra Publishing Company Pty. Ltd. at Barrier St., Fyshwick, ACT.

THE UNION SHOP Now Open

Union Building, Lower Ground Floor

AVAILABLE IN THE NEW SHOP:

- | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Gowns for hire | Cigarettes and Tobacco | Dry Cleaning |
| Stationery | Dissecting Sets | Shoe Repairs |
| Sporting Equipment | Drawing Sets | Slide Rules |
| Stamps | Geological Hammers | General Canteen Ware |
| Toilet Requirements | Greeting Cards | Writing Equipment |

SECOND HAND BOOKS
 BOUGHT & SOLD

SPECIAL PRICES FOR MEMBERS. COME AND BUY! YOU WILL BENEFIT BY SUPPORTING YOUR OWN SHOP.